

Hung

"Is It Good To You"

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I can see, despite your disguise
The mask it covers, the pain in your eyes
Imagination eludes the design
Intoxicating the pleasure's all mine
The feeling swells, it pushes me high
The fire breathes, my fingers touch the sky
The cradle swings as the wind rushes by
Your body whispers, lies, lies, lies
Your body's bursting, you see what's inside
You open doors, you realize
Those melting images
They twist your inner core
They're hours wasted, they're hours wasted
Is that what you died for
The feeling swells, it pushes me high
The fire breathes, my fingers touch the sky
The cradle swings as the wind rushes by
Your body whispers, lies, lies, lies

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